

Without Her

by Princess of Punk

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Summary: Ok my first fanfic...about h/h, r/h...so just read and review, if you want, hope you enjoy it!

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****WITHOUT HER**

> **by: Kelley**

>

> God she's beautiful. And why don't I have her? Because my best friend does. My best friend and my other best...friend.

> Kicking off my shoes at the end of the day feels good. God I'm too young for this. This is supposed to be like...middle age bliss. Not fourteen year old teenagers sucky problems. God this is unfair.

> She curled her brown hair today, and wore make-up, I could tell. Just for him, I bet. Not for me.

>
 I had done absolutley terrible at practice tonight. Couldn't think of anything except her. She was driving me insane! I should just tell her...

>
 "Harry, wake up! We play Ravenclaw next week, and they have a good team this year!" Fred shouted.

>
 I sighed. I liked it better when Fred wasn't so serious. _He _had plenty to be happy about. A beautiful, athletic girlfriend...Quidditch captain...a family...geez the list could go on forever.

>

> More unbearable news: 4th years and up have a dance on Janurary 25th. It's Janurary 23rd. Yay Hooray. I just am totally thrilled about that.

>
 Of course Ron and Hermione are going together. My best friends. Do they care about Harry? Of course not. Too wrapped up in each other.

>
 A plan creeps into my mind...make her jealous...with...who? I sorted out my decisions. Lavender...no, she was already going with a

Ravenclaw...um...Parvati...God why do I always have to wait so long...Ginny...argh, no.

>
 Suddenly, a risky girl comes to my mind...a seeker...actually, very pretty, now that I think about it...Cho.

>
 She didn't have a date. I strolled over to her at lunch. She was sitting with some other fourth years and a scramble of third and fifth years. Popular, kinda.

>
 She had black hair. Dark brown eyes. Fair skin. Thin. And Dean had his grimy little paws on her.

>
 My chance to strike! I'm Harry Potter! I'm brave! I defeated Voldemort three times! I opened the chamber of secrets! I...am a complete wuss! Why can't I ask a girl for a date! Just because Dean had his arm around her...doesn't necessarily mean they're...God this sucks. Next time I won't wait so long...

>

> I went to the dance, alone. She looked beautiful, of course. Her brown hair all wavy, locked around her face. Her tight, short dress clung to her body like a wet tee shirt. I wanted her so bad.

> A slow song came on. They were wrapped in each other, dancing really close. She even kissed him on the cheek after the song.

> I made up my mind then. I would dance one dance with her, or die trying.

> Maybe dying wouldn't be so bad...I walked up to her. Her perfume smelled marvelous. She was marvelous.

> "Hi Harry! Ron's getting me some Butterbeer," she saw the look of hurt on my face. "Did you...come alone?"

> I sighed. Now or never. "God Hermione!" I leaned over and gave her my most assertive kiss.

> AN:** Okay I know this kinda sucks, but I'm new at this so..gimme a lil credit here, I'll do better next time...

>

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>

End
file.